The Columbian.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH, AND COLUMBIAN, Consolidated.]

Issued Weekly, every Friday Morning, at BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., Pa.

AT TWO DOLLARS per year. To subscribers out of the county the terms are strictly in advance.

☞ No paper discontinued except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, but long continued credits will not be given.

All papers sent out of the State or to distant post offices must be paid for in advance, unless a responsible person in Columbia county assumes to pay the subscription due on demand.

POSTAGE is no longer exacted from subscribers in the county.

JOB PRINTING.

The Jobbing Department of the COLUMBIAN is very complete, and our Job Printing will compare favorably with that of the large cities. All work done on short notice, neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

G. E. ELWELL, J. K. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1883.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVII NO 5
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVI, NO 48

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1M	2M	3M	6M	1Y
One Inch	$2.00	$3.00	$5.00	$8.00	$10.00
Two Inches	3.00	4.00	6.00	9.00	15.00
Three Inches	4.00	5.00	7.00	11.00	18.00
Four Inches	5.00	7.00	10.00	15.00	25.00
Quarter Column	6.00	9.00	12.00	18.00	30.00
Half Column	10.00	14.00	17.00	25.00	40.00
One Column	20.00	25.00	30.00	50.00	100.00

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for before inserted except where parties have accounts.

Legal advertisements two dollars per inch for three insertions, and at that rate for additional insertions without reference to length.

Executor's, Administrator's, and Auditor's notices three dollars, must be paid for when inserted.

Transient or Local notices, ten cents a line, regular advertisements half rates.

Cards in the "Business Directory" column, one dollar a year for each line.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

L. E. WALLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in 1st National Bank building, second floor, first door to the right. Corner of Main and Market streets, Bloomsburg, Pa.

N. U. FUNK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Exton's Building.

C. R. BUCKALEW,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office on Main Street, 1st door below Court House.

JOHN M. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office over Schuyler's Hardware Store.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1
Bloomsburg, Pa.

B. FRANK ZARR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office corner of Centre and Main Streets. Clark's Building.
Can be consulted in German.

GEO. E. ELWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
NEW COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Member of the United States Law Association. Collections made in any part of America or Europe.

PAUL E. WIRT,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office in COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Room No. 9, second floor.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

HERVEY E. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office in Mrs. Ent's Building.
Sept. 15 '82-1 y.

GUY JACOBY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BLOOMSBURG,
Office in H. J. Clark's Building, second floor, first door to the left.
Oct. 8, '80.

S. KNORR. L. S. WINTERSTEEN. Notary Public
KNORR & WINTERSTEEN,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Office in 1st National Bank building, second floor, first door to the left. Corner of Main and Market streets Bloomsburg, Pa.
☞ Pensions and Bounties Collected.

J. H. MAIZE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office in Mrs. Ent's Building, third door from Main street. May 20, '81.

JOHN C. YOCUM,
Attorney-at-Law,
CATAWISSA, PA.
Office in NEWS ITEM building, Main street.
Member of the American Attorneys' Association.
Collections made in any part of America.
Jan. 5, 1882.

A. K. OSWALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Jackson Building, Rooms 4 and 5.
May 6, '81. BERWICK, PA

W. H. RHAWN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Catawissa, Pa.
Office, corner of Third and Main Streets.

WM. H. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Orangeville, Pa.
Office in Low's Building, second floor, second door to the left.
Can be consulted in German. aug 18 '82

W. E. SMITH,
Attorney-at-Law, Berwick, Pa.
Can be Consulted in German.
ALSO FIRST-CLASS
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANIES REPRESENTED.
☞ Office with the Berwick Independent.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law office in Brower's building, 2nd story, Rooms 4 & 5

R. BUCKINGHAM, Attorney-at-Law Office, Brockway's Building 1st floor. Bloomsburg, Penn'a. May 7, '80-1 y

J. B. McELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, north side Main street, below Market

A. L. FRITZ, Attorney-at-Law. Office in COLUMBIAN Building. June 24 '81.

C. M. DRINKER, GUN & LOCKSMITH sewing Machines and Machinery of all kinds repaired. OPERA HOUSE Building, Bloomsburg, Pa.

DR. J. C. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office, North Market street,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office corner of Rock and Market street.

J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, (Office and Residence on Third street.

JAMES REILLY,
Tonsorial Artist,
Is again at his old stand under EXCHANGE HOTEL, and has as usual a FIRST-CLASS BARBER SHOP. He respectfully solicits the patronage of his old customers and of the public generally. July 15, '80-tf

EXCHANGE HOTEL.
W. R. TUBBS, PROPRIETOR
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath rooms hot and cold water, and all modern conveniences

ADVERTISERS by addressing GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York, can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers. ☞ 100-page pamphlet, 25 cents. Dec. 15-4w.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

DURING COURT

There will be a Great

CLEARING OUT

OF

WINTER CLOTHING,

CONSISTING OF

Winter and Fall

SUITS, for

MEN, BOYS, and YOUTHS.

OVERCOATS,

at a great reduction.

CALL AND

BE CONVINCED.

AT

D. Lowenberg's.

BLOOMSBURG.

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING.

--)o(--

A. J. EVANS,

The uptown Clothier, has just received a fine line of New Goods, and is prepared to make up

FALL AND WINTER SUITS

For Men and Boys in the neatest manner and Latest Styles.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
Hats, Caps, &c.,
Always on hand. Call and Examine. EVANS BLACK Corner Main and Iron Streets,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

W. H. HOUSE,
—DENTIST,—
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
All styles of work done in a superior manner, work warranted as represented. TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN by the use of Gas, and free of charge when artificial teeth are inserted.
Office over Bloomsburg Banking Company.
To be open at all hours during the day
Nov. 2-1y

B. F. SHARPLESS,
FOUNDER AND MACHINIST,
NEAR L. & B. DEPOT, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Manufacturer of Plows, Stoves and all kinds of Castings. Large stock of Tinware, Cook Stoves, Room Stoves, Stoves for heating stores, school houses, churches, &c. Also, large stock of repairs for any stoves of all kinds, wholesale and retail such as Fire Brick, Grates, Linings, &c., Stove Pipe, Cook Boilers, Spiders, Cake Plates, Large Iron Kettles, Sad Irons, Wagon Boxes, all kinds of Plow Points, Mould Boards, Bolts, Plaster, Salt, —BONE MANURE, &c.—
feb 3 1-1

FREAS BROWN'S INSURANCE AGENCY, Mover's new building, Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

	Assets.
Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.	$7,078,224
Royal of Liverpool	15,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,165,727
Phœnix, of London	6,566,372
London & Lancashire, of England	1,509,956
Hartford of Hartford	2,373,000
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,092,585

As the companies are direct, policies are written for the insured without any delay in the office at Bloomsburg. Oct., 25, '81-tf.

FIRE INSURANCE.
CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY
GERMAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
UNION INSURANCE COMPANY.
These OLD CORPORATIONS are well seasoned by age and have tested and have never yet had a loss settled by any court of law. Their assets are all invested in solid securities and are liable to the hazard of risks only.
Losses GENERALLY and HONESTLY adjusted and paid as soon as determined by CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, SPECIAL AGENT AND ADJUSTER BLOOMSBURG, PA.
The people of Columbia county should patronize the agency where losses if any are settled and paid by one of their own citizens.
PROMPTNESS, EQUITY, FAIR DEALING.

B. F. HARTMAN
REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING
AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES
Lycoming of Muncy Pennsylvania.
North American of Philadelphia, Pa.
Franklin of " "
Pennsylvania of " "
Farmers of York, Pa.
Hanover of New York.
Manhattan of New York.
Office on Market Street, No. 3, Bloomsburg.
oct. 22, 79-1y

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists, spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious Attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE,

And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Governor's Testimony.

Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.
J. GILL SHORTER, Governor of Ala.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

"The only Thing that never fails to Relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minneola to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.
P. M. JAMESY, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

☞ Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

August, 82 1y

Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning. How much suffering is summed up in it.

The singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things. May be caused by kidney disease, liver complaint, consumption, cold, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork, nervous debility, &c.

Whatever the cause, don't neglect it. Something is wrong and needs prompt attention. No medicine has yet been discovered that will so quickly and surely cure such diseases as BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and it does this by commencing at the foundation, and making the blood pure and rich.

Logansport, Ind. Dec. 1, 1880.
For a long time I have been a sufferer from stomach and kidney disease. My appetite was very poor and the very small amount I did eat disagreed with me. I was annoyed very much from non-retention of urine. I tried many remedies with no success, until I used Brown's Iron Bitters. Since I used that my stomach does not bother me any. My appetite is simply immense. My kidney trouble is no more, and my general health is such, that I feel like a new man. After the use of Brown's Iron Bitters for one month, I have gained twenty pounds in weight. O. B. SARGENT.

Leading physicians and clergymen use and recommend BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It has cured others suffering as you are, and it will cure you.

March, 3, '82. 1y

Daughters, Wives, Mothers!

DR. J. B. MARCHISI,
UTICA, N. Y.
DISCOVERER OF DR. MARCHISI'S
CATHOLICON,
A POSITIVE CURE FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

This remedy will act in harmony with the Female system at all times, and also immediately upon the abdominal and uterine muscles, and restore them to a healthy and strong condition.

Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon will cure falling of the womb, Leucorrhœa, Chronic Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Incidental Hemorrhage or Flooding, Painful, Suppressed and Irregular Menstruation, Kidney Complaint, Barrenness and is especially adapted to the change of Life. Send for pamphlet free. All letters of inquiry freely answered. Address as above. For sale by all druggists. New size $1 per bottle, Old size $1.50. Be sure and ask for Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon. Take no other.

Moyer Bros., Wholesale Agents, Bloomsburg Pa
June 22-1y

KIDNEY-WORT
FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however long standing the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. This distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and speedily cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

If you have either of these troubles or if you have a disordered liver or kidneys you need this remedy.

PRICE $1. USE Proprietors Still KIDNEY-WORT

POETICAL.

Naughty.

Somebody's lips were close to mine;
Thus tempted, I couldn't resist.
Roguish and rosy, a sweet little mouth
Was suddenly, softly kissed.

Somebody's eyes looked up and frowned
With such a reproving glance.
"If kisses were wicked?" I asked my pet
Then the eyes began to dance

And, smiling, the little maiden answered,
As I knelt there at her feet,
"They must be just a little bit naughty
Or they never would be so sweet."

Vere Vernon's Heritage.

"A proud old name, you say? Yes. A pride I justly share in its inheritance? Yes, too. It is something worthy a thrill of pride to have handed down to you a name unstained by any who have possessed it. It is a noble heritage, and surely a safeguard against temptation, since who would be the first willingly to blot a fair escutcheon?"

So spoke Vere Vernon, of Vernon Hall, his handsome face flushed with feeling, his tall form drawn to its full height, his broad shoulders thrown back, his blonde head held almost haughtily, as he glanced up at the portraits of his ancestors surrounding him in the picture-gallery, where a little group of four, from among the guests gathered under the hospitable roof of Vernon Hall, had congregated.

It had been a question put by Miss Struthers which had elicited the above reply.

A strange smile had wreathed her thin lips as she courteously and attentively listened to each word, and she gave one quick, stealthy glance at a girl standing beside; but Nora Fitzgerald did not see the look. Her blue eyes were fixed upon the speaker's face, and in their wonderful depths was a rippling light, as though her heart echoed his every word.

His gaze, too, rested on her as he finished, as though seeking her sympathy and support.

Nora Fitzgerald was his father's ward. She had been brought to their home a desolate orphan—nay, worse than orphaned; but of that, poor child! she knew nothing, nor ever should know, he swore, could he guard from her the secret, the more that lately he had learned another secret—the secret of his own heart, which had passed irrevocably into this little Irish girl's keeping.

A shade swept over Miss Struthers' face as a smile of almost loving confidence was exchanged between these two, and for an instant her own eyes flashed with a lurid light, which seemed to reveal a depth of jealous hate black as their hue.

"You may indeed be proud of your race Mr. Vernon," she answered, in low, swee tones. "Nor have the women of your house ever brought upon it a shadow of disgrace? Have none of your ancestors married unworthily or beneath them?"

"Never!" he made answer. "They considered it too sacred a heritage for their unborn children to let their hearts, in any case, usurp their reason. The women of our house have ever been stainless, and of untainted race."

And he glanced with reverent tenderness at the picture of his mother, a beautiful woman, painted in her wedding-robes, which hung above his head.

A moment's pause followed his words. How little did he dream that with them he had put a sure weapon in the hands of his most subtle enemy, which should bury itself in the heart he would so gladly have guarded by offering his own as its safeguard.

Miss Struthers was again the first to speak, but she now addressed her companion, a young cavalry officer, spending his furlough at the Hall, and already a victim to a pair of black eyes.

"Come, Captain Harding," she cried. "It is too lovely to spend the morning within doors. I challenge you to a game of tennis. Mr. Vernon, Nora, will you come?"

"We will join you presently," said Vere, quietly.

She turned away with a shade of disappointment on her face. At the door she paused and turned back. Vere Vernon's gaze was fixed on his mother's portrait.

"Will he remember his own words?" she said, to herself.

Then she reluctantly closed the door behind her, shutting those two together.

The man turned to his companion with a quick gesture of relief.

"Nora," he said "do you know that I think I can find no more fitting time or place to tell you something I have wanted to tell you for many days? Look around you, dear, here, where so many noble men and women look down upon you, and let me ask them to welcome you among their number as the sweetest rose a Vernon ever plucked. Nora, darling, will you make me the proudest, happiest man on earth? Will you be my wife?"

The quick tears trembled on the long lashes; the breath came quickly through the lovely, parted lips. She glanced up with a bewitching shyness.

"Ah, Vere, I am not worthy!" she whispered.

He caught her to his heart.

"Not worthy, little one?" he said, looking proudly down upon the beautiful face he forced upward to meet his gaze. "Is this all? Then let me silence the doubting lips forever."

And bending still lower his royal head, he pressed upon the lovely mouth the first lover's kiss which had ever rested there.

"You love me, darling?" he asked, a few minutes later.

"I have always loved you," she answered. "Oh, Vere, you are so different from all other men."

The young man laughed—a frank, joyous laugh, good to hear.

"Different in your eyes only, little one," he answered. "But may they ever remain in their present state of blindness."

That evening, the betrothal of the young master of the house to Sir Vere's ward and almost daughter was formally announced.

The guests received it with sincere pleasure, though scarcely surprise, the servants with loud acclamations of delight. Miss Nora they had known and loved from childhood. They need serve no strange and haughty mistress, to take from her her place in the old house.

But there was one beneath that roof who heard it with angry and incredulous amaze. All Helen Struthers' secret ambitions hopes were blighted by the words to which she listened so smilingly—blighted, but not hopelessly so. This she swore, even while she murmured her honeyed words of congratulation with the rest.

"Is he mad?" she asked herself—"is he mad, or can it be that he does not know? But she heard his words to-day. She is but a child. Through her I will strike to win."

That very night there came a light rap at Nora Fitzgerald's door.

"It is I, dear," murmured Miss Struthers, in her sweetest tones. "May I come in?"

Instantly the door was thrown open. In a white wrapper, with her hair unbound and falling about her like a veil, Nora smiled her welcome.

"Indeed you may," she said. "I could not sleep, and was sitting at the open window, dreaming of my own happiness. I wonder what I have done to deserve so much? It seems so strange that Vere should love me, when other women are so grand, and stately, and beautiful—like yourself, Miss Struthers. Do you know I should have thought he would not have seen me when you were near?"

"We were fond of each other once," the elder woman answered, as though unconscious of her own words, "but—we quarreled. He—he was jealous of me."

A quick spasm of pain crossed Nora's face.

"You mean that you and Vere were once engaged?" she asked.

"No—oh, no," she replied, hastily. "What have I said? I meant nothing except that—"

She stopped suddenly, leaving the sentence unfinished.

"Do not let us talk of it—let us talk of yourself. How you must long to have your mother with you at such a time. Do you know I should think you would be tempted to forgive all and go to her?"

The sweet face grew ghastly.

"What can you mean?" she asked. "My mother died when I was a child."

"Oh, forgive me!" exclaimed Miss Struthers. "What have I done? It is possible you do not know—possible that the truth has been kept from you?"

"What truth? what are you saying? Are you mad, or am I?"

"We are neither of us mad. But I dare say no more. I have already said far, far too much."

"You have, indeed, not to say all. I am a woman, like yourself, Miss Struthers, and I demand from you the truth."

"But I dare not tell you. If they have kept this secret from you, they would never forgive me for revealing it."

"They shall not know the name of my informer. Tell me, or I will go to them and demand the truth. You say that my mother lives, and I mourn for her as dead?"

"Because—because she forsook you when you were a baby. Oh, have patience and listen," she added, in quick alarm, for the girl had fallen back as though stabbed to the heart. "There was some excuse for her. She had loved a man before her marriage with your father, who was desperately jealous of him. He was very, very ill, and thought himself dying, and sent for her. She asked your father to let her go—to let her see him for one half-hour—and he refused. Afterward, another and more urgent messenger came, and she went with him. Your father, when he knew that she had gone, publicly renounced her, in his fierce anger; and when, at the end of a few hours, she came back, refused her admittance to her home or her child. Doubtless she then was innocent of any wrong. For three years she disappeared, and no one heard of her; but the man did not die, and at the expiration of that time—one year after your father's death—the papers contained the published account of their marriage. You were left as Sir Vere Vernon's ward. The Vernon pity has ever been held stronger than the Vernon love; therefore, they doubtless have withheld the story from you."

"But these years of my mother's absence—where did she spend them?"

"Could it be the sweet musical voice—one of Nora Fitzgerald's chief charms—which put the question? It sounded hoarse and harsh.

Miss Struthers shrugged her shoulders cruelly.

"It is the question the world asks," she replied.

The girl fell on her knees. Miss Struthers approached, but she raised her hand, with her head still bowed, and motioned to the door.

With a glance of triumphant hatred she went out, leaving Nora alone with her desolation, disgrace and misery.

An hour ago she had been so happy that she banished sleep in her joy, so much sweeter were her waking dreams than those slumber might bring. Now, though she might seek to purchase oblivion at any cost, it was denied her.

"The Vernon pity has ever been held stronger than the Vernon love." Why did these words, with their subtle poison-sting, ever return to her? and why, in connection with them, did she hear again every syllable Vere had uttered in the picture gallery that day? Had he been moved only by pity, then, to offer her his proud old name, and thus bring upon it its first stain? He had loved this other girl too—cold, proud and fair. He had been jealous, and they had quarreled, then in pity he had turned to her.

"Oh, Vere! oh, mother!" she moaned; but neither of the two, whose love would have been held truest in the broad, wide world, made answer to her piteous prayer.

The dawn found her kneeling still, but she knew now what she must do.

Hastily she caught up a piece of paper, and wrote upon it her farewell:

"I have learned my mother's history," she wrote. "How, matters not. Do you remember, Vere, what you said regarding the women of your line? They had always been pure and stainless. Did you know the truth when you offered me your name? Perhaps, like me, you believed in my mother's perfect innocence. If so, I bless you for your trust; but you shall not put it to such proof. I am going away. Vere. Do not seek to find me. I will never let you know where I am until you are married. Then you shall hear that I am well and safe. Oh, that I could find my mother, and go to her! Oh, that I knew where to look for her! I think my heart is breaking in its struggle, but I do not falter, Vere. Good-by, forever!"

She addressed and sealed the note, then dressed herself as for a journey. But her head swam and her trembling fingers refused to do her bidding. She was herself unconscious of the terrible excitement she had undergone, until, opening her door to pass out, a black cloud enveloped her, and she fell prone upon the threshold.

There they found her, an hour later, and carried her to her bed. The household was soon around and messengers for a physician dispatched in hot haste.

But ere he could arrive, Vere, tearing open that hastily-written and pitiful note, knew that this illness had been a mercy in disguise, since she still was there, to leave them never more.

"Who could have done this cruel thing?" he queried, under his breath. "Who could have committed this fiend's work?"

"Mother! mother!" This was the name constantly on Nora's lips, in her delirium. For three days she knew no one, and they feared for life and reason.

But on the fourth day she opened her blue eyes and looked with wondering recognition into Vere's handsome, anxious face.

"Where am I?" she murmured.

"In your home, dear, and in our hearts," he answered. "You have been told some cruel falsehood, Nora. When you are strong enough, I will tell you all the truth. You must have faith in me, dear, and believe that I will keep nothing from you."

She almost smiled, and sighed a restful sigh—then, with her little hand tight clasped in his, fell into a dreamless slumber.

A week later, and from his lips she heard her mother's story.

"It was true," Vere said, "that her father had renounced her in his jealous anger; but no one so bitterly repented or regretted his rash act as he. The three years of her retirement she had spent within the sacred walls of a convent, and this fact was known to all the world. She survived her second marriage but by a year. Her heart was broken by her unmerited disgrace."

When he had finished, he opened his arms.

"Now, Nora," he said, "will you not come?"

And she, creeping in their embrace, forgot to ask if it were love or pity as they closed about her, her shield forevermore.

But Miss Struthers no longer made visits to Vernon Hall. Her plots and machinations had failed. Nora kept her secret. She knows now the truth of that old story so darkly hinted to her, but it casts no doubt on her husband's loyalty, and truth, and heart, nor the proud old name—a pride she shares now with equal right to his, since it is her children's heritage.

A BOHEMIAN PRESENT.

La Bruyere, the classical author of the time of Louis XIV., was in the habit of dropping in, during his strolls about Paris, at the house of Michallet, the printer and bookseller. There he would poke among the old and new books and romp with Michallet's little daughter, a pretty child, to whom he had taken a fancy. One day in the year 1686 he took a roll of manuscript from his pocket and handed it to her father, saying:

"See here, will you print this? I can not say if it will be worth your while, but should it produce anything, it will be my contribution to your little daughter's dowry."

In 1687 the "Caracteres de la Bruyere" was published. Half a dozen editions were snapped up, yielding a profit of over one hundred thousand francs. The honest bookseller went to the author, begging him to share the money with him. The generous author laughed at him.

"What are you talking about?" he demanded. "It is no business either of yours or mine. It is your child's property. I am only glad it has turned out so well."

So little Mlle. Michallet remained in possession of her fortune.

Many a woman will make great exertions to entertain a host of friends twice a season, who does not think it worth while to bother herself over a sociable gathering of two or three.

SAVING THE PECANS.

"You picked the pecans on Onion Creek, you say," said an Austin reporter yesterday to a young man on a wagon filled with pecans.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "that's where they came from."

"Many up there?"

"Plenty of them."

"Believe I'll try a few," quizzed the reporter, taking a big handful of the pecans.

"I'll sell you a whole peck for 50 cents," said the man with swelling eyes.

"Only want a few. Say, do you know any news?"

"Not a bit, sir; everything is very dull up our way."

"Don't you know anything?"

"Well, I believe I did hear some news yesterday."

"What was it?" asked the reporter, cracking a pecan.

"There was a man got eighteen buckshot in him near where I live."

"Who shot him?"

"I did."

"What did you shoot him for?" asked the reporter, aghast.

"For stealing some of my pecans out of my wagon," said the countryman, reaching under the seat for his shotgun.

The reporter hastily replaced the pecans in the wagon, and after calling the countryman Colonel, disappeared around the corner.—*Texas Siftings.*

CRUEL JOKE ON A YOUNG FARMER.

A young farmer of Clintondale, Ulster county, became deeply enamored of a young lady, a stranger in the neighborhood, who was temporarily stopping in the village, and, after courting her assiduously for some days, popped the all-important question, received "yes" for an answer, and insisted on the marriage ceremony being performed the following evening. Accordingly, a large number of friends were invited, and the couple were made one by a Justice of the Peace of the neighborhood. Immediately upon the conclusion of the ceremony the bride was surrounded by her gentlemen friends, all of whom insisted upon kissing her, greatly to the displeasure of the jealous groom, whereupon she made her escape to an adjoining room, and the bridegroom has not seen her since, or at least has not been able to recognize her. The truth of the matter is that the bride was a pretty boy, and when he left the room he changed his garments and mingled with the crowd and enjoyed the fun. The groom will never get over the rather practical joke which his friends played upon him.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

A HORSE'S PRIVATE MARK.

Dr. Bender yesterday made an incision into the left shoulder of a fine horse belonging to Mr. H. Hess, the Superintendent of Street Service in the introduction of our water-works system, and removed a silver ten-cent piece of 1876, which was placed there about four years ago by the man from whom Mr. Hess bought the horse in Kentucky. It was intended as a private mark, and was placed just beneath the skin, but considerable tissue had formed over it during its four years' lodgment. It was a well-preserved piece when slipped under the skin, and the only mark it retains of the singular service to which it was put is a greasy substance which adheres closely to the depression in the coin.—*Jamestown Journal.*

Pennsylvania's Governors.

FROM MIFFLIN IN 1790 TO PATTISON IN 1883.

Anything relating to the lives of our public men is always a matter of deep interest, and more particularly so when the facts relate to the careers of those who have been the Chief Magistrates, the highest points of honor in this State.

Thomas Mifflin, the first Governor of Pennsylvania, under the Constitution of 1790, was born in Philadelphia in 1744; was Governor from December 21, 1790, until December 17, 1799, three full terms—the constitutional limit. He died at Lancaster, January 21, 1800, aged fifty-six.

Thomas McKean, the second Governor of the State, was born in Londondery, Chester county, Pa., March 19, 1734; was Governor from December 17, 1799, to December 20, 1808, three terms of three years each, and died at Philadelphia on the 24th of June, 1817, aged eighty-three.

Pennsylvania's third Governor, Simon Snyder, was born at Lancaster, Pa., November 5, 1759, and was in office from December 20, 1808, to December 16, 1817, three terms. Died at Selinsgrove, Snyder county, Pa., November 9, 1819, at the age of sixty.

William Findlay, our fourth Governor, was born in Mercersburg, Franklin county, Pa., June 20, 1768, and was Governor from December 16, 1817, until December 19, 1820, one term. He died in Harrisburg November 12, 1846, aged seventy eight years.

Joseph Heister, the fifth Governor under the constitution of 1790, was born in Reading, Berks county, Pa., November 18, 1752, and was in office from December 19, 1820, to December 16, 1823, but one term. Died in Reading, June 16, 1832, at the age of seventy-nine.

John Andrew Shultz, the sixth Governor, was born in Tulpehocken twp., Berks county, Pa., July 19, 1775, and was Governor from December 16, 1823, to December 15, 1829, two terms. He died in Lancaster, November 18, 1852, aged seventy-seven.

George Wolf, the seventh Governor of Pennsylvania, was born August 12, 1777, in Allen township, Northampton county Pa., and was in office from December 15, 1829, until December 15, 1835, two terms. He died at Philadelphia, March 11, 1840, at the age of sixty-two.

Joseph Ritner, the eighth Governor, was born in Berks county, Pa., on the 25th day of March, 1780, and was Governor from December 17, 1835, to January 15, 1839. Died October 16, 1859, aged 89 years.

GOVERNORS UNDER THE ACT OF 1838

David R. Porter, the ninth in line, and the first Governor under constitution of 1838, was born near Norristown, Montgomery county, Pa., on the 31st day of October, 1788, and was in office from January 15, 1839, until January 21, 1845, two terms. Died at Harrisburg August 6, 1867, aged seventy-eight.

Francis R. Shunk, the second Governor under the constitution of 1838, was born at Trappe, Montgomery county, Pa., August 7, 1788, and was Governor from January 21, 1845, to July 9, 1848. Died July 30, 1847, at the age of fifty-nine, only within seven days of his sixtieth birthday.

William F. Johnson was born in Greensburg, Westmoreland county, Pa., November 26, 1808. Was Governor from July 9, 1848, to January 20, 1852. Died at Pittsburgh October 25, 1872, aged sixty-three years.

William Biegler was born at Shermansburg, Cumberland county, Pa., January 1, 1814, and was in office from January 20, 1852, to January 16, 1855, and died at Clearfield, Pa., August 9, 1880, aged sixty-six years.

James Pollock was born in Milton, Northumberland county, Pa., on the 11th of September, 1810. Was Governor from January 16, 1855, to January 10, 1858. At present living in Philadelphia, holding an appointment under national administration.

William F. Packer was born in Howard township, Center county, Pa., April 5, 1807. Was in office from January 10, 1858, to January 15, 1861. Died in Williamsport September 27, 1870, aged sixty-three.

Andrew G. Curtin, born in Bellefonte, Centre county, April, 1817. Was Governor from January 15, 1861, until January 15, 1867. A member of the National House of Representatives.

John W. Geary was born in Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland county, December 30, 1819. Was in office from January 15, 1867, until January 21, 1873. Died in Harrisburg, February 8, 1873, aged fifty-three.

John F. Hartranft, the last Governor under the Constitution of 1838, was born in New Hanover township, Montgomery county, Pa., December 16, 1830, and was Governor from January 21, 1873, to January 21, 1879. He has just passed his fifty-second birthday, and is now living in Philadelphia in the enjoyment of a lucrative federal appointment.

Henry M. Hoyt, the eighteenth in the line, and the first Governor chosen under the provisions of the Constitution of 1873, which provides that the Governor shall be elected for four years, and shall not be eligible to the office for the next succeeding term, was born in Luzerne county, Pa., in 1830, and was inaugurated Governor January 21, 1879.

It will be observed that all our Governors have been born within the limits of Pennsylvania. Robert E. Pattison is the only exception, having been born in Maryland. In point of longevity, Joseph Ritner bears the honor of having been the longest on earth, having lived eighty-nine years, six months and twenty-one days. Governor Geary died the youngest, being a little beyond fifty-three. Educationally considered, but six of the eighteen Governors named were graduates of colleges. Thomas Mifflin graduated at a Philadelphia college, Shulze at a college of New York City; Pollock at Princeton; Geary at Jefferson College; Hartranft at Union College, of New York; Hoyt at Williams College, Mass.; David R. Porter was about entering Princeton when the College buildings burned and he abandoned the idea of a thorough collegiate course. Some of the other Governors, however, received good classical educations, at academies and through private instructors. It is generally admitted by those who have given the subject critical attention, that Thomas McKean was the most scholarly, and possibly the brightest intellect of the entire line of Pennsylvania's Governors. He was for twenty-two years chief justice of Pennsylvania, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and author of many State papers. To the great credit of our executives be it said that they all heartily and actively espoused the cause of education—more particularly Wolf, Ritner and Curtin.

Census of Woods.

The latest foresting bulletin from the Census Bureau gives the specific gravity, the percentage of ash and the weight of a cubic foot in pounds of our native woods. Added to this is the approximate fuel value of each species; calculated from the specific gravity and the ash. These fuel estimates are approximately correct—for non-resinous wood—but the actual fuel value of some coniferous species like pitch-pine may be 20 per cent. greater than that given in the table. In another bulletin the exact fuel value of fifty-five of the more important woods, as determined by chemical analysis, was tabled. At least two determinations of specific gravity were made for each species studied, and in woods of commercial importance specimens were taken from many trees grown in widely different parts of the country and under different conditions of soil and climate. Altogether this is the most comprehensive work of the kind ever undertaken. Incidentally this bulletin is valuable as furnishing the most complete catalogue of native trees yet published. The table contains 425 species, grouped according to their botanical affinities with their scientific and common names, and the

Life-Furrows.

Two horses harnessed to a plow stand still,
Waiting the voice whose words they've learned to know;
Then, at the plowman's signal, proudly slow
They plod with patient footsteps up the hill;
And since with sturdy hand and steady will
The keen-edged share is driven to and fro,
Up-hill and down alike the furrows go.

True as a line, unturned by any ill,
Are not our lives just like the plowman's share?
The Providence that rules them may decree
That we plow up the hill through toilsome days
And obstacles may meet us everywhere:
Yet if our hands be true in all our ways,
The furrows will be straight and fair to see.

The Old Well.

"So you want to know if I ever had a romance?" said Aunt Margaret, leaning back in her easy chair, with a mild, reflective look upon her peaceful face. "Yes, something did happen to me once that may seem like one to you, though I never thought of calling it by that name."

"Let's hear it, auntie, please," I answered, pushing the velvet hassock nearer to her, and giving an extra shake to the bright coal fire.

The night was somewhat cold and blustering outside, but that only made Aunt Margaret's room, with its warm-hued furniture, its softly-cushioned easy chairs, its glowing fire and shaded astral lamp, look all the more inviting.

She was a distant relative who had come to pay us a long-promised visit, and from my first glance at her fine, stately figure and her noble, placid countenance, knowing that she had never married, I got the idea into my head that she must have had a romance. Her hair was still brown and abundant, while her eyes shone clear and blue as a young girl's. And yet Aunt Margaret was past fifty.

"Well, my dear," she began, smiling softly, "once upon a time, as the story-books say, I was young, and considered rather pretty—"

"Oh, no need to tell me that, Aunt Margaret," I interrupted, gazing with unfeigned admiration at the handsome face into which a delicate rose-color came so brightly at the memory of her girlish loveliness. "You might easily carry off the palm of beauty from us now, if you felt so inclined."

She smiled again as she saw how sincere was my tribute to her charms, and resumed her story:

"I had of course my share of admirers among the village youth, and was a great favorite at balls, quilting parties, husking bees, and all the other entertainments of village society; yet I reached the age of twenty, heart-whole and fancy-free, still keeping house for my widowed father, as I had done almost from childhood and never caring to make any change."

"Because the right one hadn't come along, auntie," I said, eagerly, thinking of my "bonnie Charlie," with his curly locks and lightsome heart, and wondering how girls in any age of the world could have loved, married and lived happily without ever having known the sunlight of his presence.

"Well, Madge, he came at last," continued Aunt Margaret, with a gentle sigh which seemed to waft her far back into the happy past, "and the manner of his coming was one that I can never forget. Our house stood at one end of the street, and in a far corner of the lot stood the old well, neglected and unused for years, save by us silly girls, who found it a romantic spot to try our fortunes by on Hallowe'en. But it was very dangerous, being unprotected by curb or fence, and standing, as it did, close to the public road, I had often begged my father to make it more secure, but he neglected it until my prophecy of danger from it was at last fulfilled.

"One dark, starless evening in October, returning from a visit to a neighbor's, I was passing the old well, when suddenly a low groan of agony caught my ear. Instantly realized the awful truth that some traveler had fallen into the dark and dangerous pit, and my heart stood still with horror. But only for a moment. I saw the need of instant action, and, leaning over the edge of the black, yawning hole, I called loudly to the person within not to despair, for I would soon bring him assistance.

"Then rushing to the house, and calling wildly at every step for help, I began an eager, trembling search for a rope, which I soon had knotted firmly around a stout, crooked old pear tree standing near the well. Then I called again to the poor, groaning victim below. I bade him grasp the rope tightly and let me pull him up. But it was no use. My only answer was another moan, so low and deep that I thought the poor wretch was dying.

"What to do I did not know. No help had come, and I feared to lose a moment by going after it. But I was young and strong and nerved with the courage of desperation, so I did not hesitate long. How I managed it successfully I never could tell, but I let myself down by the rope until I reached the bottom of the dark abyss, and found the helpless being, whom I thought Providence had sent me to rescue, too much injured to move a limb.

"As gently and quickly as I could, in that awful situation, I fastened the rope around his body and lifted him in a more convenient position to be drawn up; then, hand over hand, like a sailor, and blistering the skin as I went, I slowly climbed to the top again, where I found my father and two or three anxious neighbors just beginning to realize what had occurred. It was well they had come, for my girl's strength, try as I would, could never have drawn that large, strong man to the surface; nor could he have lived much longer in the deadly gases of the old well.

"He seemed more dead than living when he came up, and one arm was found to be broken. He proved to be a young merchant from a distant city, who had come to visit a friend in the village, and had met with his accident while walking from the station to his friend's house. But he was too badly hurt to be removed, and for weeks he was an inmate of our home, where almost the entire care of the invalid devolved upon myself.

"I need not give you the history of those weeks, Madge, but they were the sweetest I have ever known in my long life of half a century. Hugh Woodman was the hero I had dreamed of—handsome, noble-looking, polished in manner and conversation. Better than all that, he was the soul of honor. Before soliciting my father's permission to offer me the life which he always declared I had saved, he told us frankly the story of his past.

"He was a young man then—only twenty-seven—yet he had been already married and divorced. His young wife had been unfaithful to him, and, after bearing with her faults and the disgrace they brought upon his name as long as he could, they were legally separated, and the care of their only child was entrusted to them. This child—his little Lily—was a theme of which he never tired. Hour after hour he talked to me of her, praising her goodness and beauty, planning for her future with us, and begging me, a thousand times over, to love her for his sake.

"But he had no need to ask me that. Anything that belonged to him was dear to me. Even the faithless wife who bore his name was an object of interest to my mind, and many times I found myself pitying her for having cast aside the priceless blessing of Hugh's love. For I knew that his old love for her was dead and buried, and that the whole wealth of affection in his heart and soul was mine—mine."

Aunt Margaret paused, and the intense look which her blue eyes gathered in the memories of long ago gave her face, I fancied, the same expression which it must have worn in the love-days of her youth.

"Yes," she resumed, "our happiness was perfect—far too perfect to last. Our marriage was to take place on Christmas, and, after a short wedding tour, we were to settle down at once to housekeeping in the city. He had brought little Lily to see me, and she was to come to us for good the moment we returned from our tour. How I loved the child! not only for her father's sake, but for the innate loveliness of her own sweet, childish nature.

She did not look like Hugh, therefore I knew that she must resemble her lost mother; and, if so, how beautiful that mother must have been! Lily was a blonde, as I was, but the fairness of my skin was snow white in hers, the blue of her eyes was more the intense brilliancy of the sapphire, and the blonde of her hair the shimmer of burnished gold. I can see Hugh now, as he stood with half tearful, half laughing eyes, watching me caress his darling child, and thinking to tease me by calling me the 'young stepmother.'

"The week before Christmas found us all as bright and happy as a prospective wedding party could ever be; but it brought a new actor upon the scene who was destined to change it all in the twinkling of an eye. Hugh's divorced wife, having in some way learned of his intended marriage, made her way to our village, determined to win back to herself the husband whom she had deserted. Had she appealed to Hugh alone, she could never have been successful, for she had utterly forfeited all claims to his love or confidence, and his heart was too entirely mine for her pleadings to have moved him. But finding him firm and unyielding, she sought me out."

"O, Aunt Margaret!" I interrupted, in tearful amazement, "surely you did not voluntarily give up Hugh's love for the sake of that bad woman?"

"Yes, child, I did," she hastily answered, with a little choking sound in her voice. "And you could not have believed her bad, Madge, had you seen her, as I did, imploring, with tears and sobs, to be restored to her husband and child. She was so lovely—oh! a thousand times lovelier than I ever was, though Hugh had always called me pretty. In those days, Madge, divorce was not so lightly thought of as it is now. A divorced wife, whether justly or not, was always regarded with suspicion, and the disgrace even attached to her innocent children. I thought of dear little Lily, whom I loved so well, and for the sake of her future I helped plead her mother's cause with Hugh.

"It was long before he would listen to either of us, but at last he left the decision of his fate to me. Oh, child, I never can forget the anguish that filled his loving eyes as he did so. 'My life is in your hands, Margaret,' he said, in his wife's presence; 'you saved it once, and it is yours, both by right and my own choice. Do with it as you will.' So, Madge, I decided against myself, and that is why you see me an old maid to-day."

"And they were married over again! How strange! But was she a good wife to Hugh after that, Aunt Margaret?" I asked, with a girlish curiosity, not thinking how my words might wound the noble heart, until I noticed the slight shudder with which she answered them.

"Yes, Madge, I heard of them years afterward, a happy and united family. I have always found strength to be thankful that I helped to reconcile them to each other. My life is flowing peacefully on to the great ocean of eternity, so I am content. But Hugh's last, loving kiss which he gave me so passionately beside the old well, where I risked my life to save his, has never been effaced by the touch of other lips."

Aunt Margaret's story was ended. She had never thought of this grand, unselfish act of her life in the light of a romance, but to me it seemed very much like one.

THE LARGEST CAVE ON EARTH.

The great cave lately discovered here has been visited by a multitude of people from various points of the United States. We think that Leitchfield is destined to become the great "Mecca" of the world—for the Masonic fraternity and scientists generally.

For the last two weeks no one has been admitted to the cave except upon presenting a written permit from Mr. Rogers, and those who have been fortunate enough to obtain admission have been principally scientists from abroad, who journeyed here to see the great wonder for themselves. It was necessary to take this step, as the cave was rapidly being despoiled of its contents. Indeed, several of the mummies and some of the smaller Masonic emblems were carried off before Mr. Rogers—or, in fact, any of our citizens—realized the importance of the discovery, and of preserving the contents of the cave intact. The subterranean river has been so swollen from the excessive rains of the past month that no explorations have been made in the avenues beyond it. Excavations have been made, however, in the chambers or catacombs where the mummies and Masonic emblems were found, and in the vicinity of the pyramid, and several tablets with queer hieroglyphics have been dug up, also some bronze and copper vases, and pieces of pottery. A mound was opened and found to contain six well-preserved mummies, reposing in regular order with feet radiating from the centre.

In the discovery of this cave, the key is undoubtedly found that will unlock the mystery of the pre-historic race of America, and also prove their identity with the ancient Egyptian race, who undoubtedly crossed over and peopled this continent, built temples, and flourished in a high degree of civilization until wiped out of existence by the ruthless hand of the savage. The caves of Kentucky undoubtedly afforded them shelter and protection, and were used as a sort of catacomb for the storage of all that was near and dear to them, including their illustrious dead. Such at least seems to have been the case in this instance, whether this theory will apply to the other caves of Kentucky or not.

Many beautiful formations have been discovered during the last week. The stalactites and stalagmites glisten like so many million diamonds. The pillars and columns of alabaster are beautiful beyond description, and its wonders will have to be seen to be fully appreciated.—*Grayson Advocate.*

How Sleigh Bells are Made.

It has, no doubt, been a mystery to many readers how the iron balls inside of sleigh bells got there and it is said to have taken considerable thought on the part of the discoverer before the idea struck him. In making sleigh bells the iron ball is put inside a sand core, just the shape of the inside of the bell. Then a mould is made just the shape of the outside of the bell. This sand core, with the jingler inside, is placed in the mould of the outside, and the metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the core and the mould. The hot metal burns the core, so that it can be shaken out, leaving the ball within the shell.—Bell valves, swivel joints, and many other articles are cast in the same way.

"Do dogs reason?" asks the Detroit *Free Press*. Possibly not, but we've observed a dog, on seeing a boy with an old kettle, examining his pockets as if for a piece of cord, take a deep interest about a mile away.—*Boston Post.*

SINS OF THE FATHERS VISITED ON THE CHILDREN.

Physicians say that scrofulous taint cannot be eradicated; we deny it "in toto." If you go through a course of Burdock Blood Bitters, your blood will get as pure as you can wish. Price $1,00.

GOAT RAISING.—The much-abused goat is coming to be prized as a useful animal by English farmers. They have been a long time discovering, what has been an established fact on the continent of Europe, that the whiskered and frisky animal is an important factor in pastoral wealth. In other European countries it has been demonstrated that the goat will, if properly managed, yield milk, butter and cheese which possess peculiar virtues of their own, and also provide excellent meat for the table, as well as gloves and boots, which cannot be matched for delicacy and strength. As a result of the new light on this subject, a goat farm of 210 acres has been established on land of the Earl of Lovelace, in Surrey, where goats' milk butter, cheese and leather will be produced.

BALM IN GILEAD.

There is a balm in Gilead to heal
each gaping wound;
In Thomas' Eclectric Oil, the remedy
is found.
For internal and for outward use, you
freely may apply it:
For all pain and inflammation, you
should not fail to try it.
It only costs a trifle, 'tis worth its
weight in gold,
And by every dealer in the land this
remedy is sold.

CHEMICAL ELEMENTS IN PLANTS.—Chemists are generally agreed that plants require seven different elements from the soil in order to make a healthy growth. These are phophorous, potash, magnesia, lime, sulphur, iron, and nitrogen. Other elements are often found, sometimes in great quantity, such as silica, soda, chlorine etc.; but as many plants have been grown to perfection without them, their presence is not considered essential. Last year at an English experiment station, turnips planted in pure white sand, and supplied with everything except phosphate, merely lived, without gaining in bulk. But on ground coprolite being applied, the produce, even in that miserable soil, at once went up to twenty tons an acre.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic or suffering from any of the numerous disorders of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

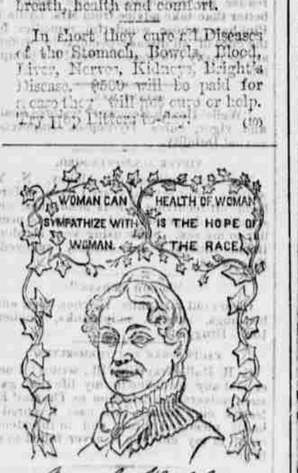
If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you a fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath, health and comfort.

In short they cure all Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease, $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Try Hop Bitters! (29)



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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, FIBOUS TUMORS, &c.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of humor from the blood, at the same time it will give tone and strength to the system. Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. Mention this Paper.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver, 25 cents.

Sold by all Druggists. (29)

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Does a tame look or discomfort arise in all cases that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE, use Kidney-Wort at once, thereby receive sound health and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weakness, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed. All will act promptly and safely.

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CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

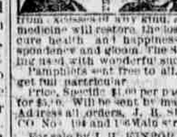
Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions to allay inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure catarrh, hay fever &c. Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. On receipt of fifty cents will mail a package for sale by all druggists.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N.Y.

To Nervous Sufferers—The Great European Remedy.

DR. J. B. SIMPSON'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

Dr. J. B. Simpson's Specific Medicine is a positive cure for overwork of body or brain or excess of any kind, such as weakness and all diseases resulting from Nervous Debility, Irritability, Mental Anxiety, Languor, Lassitude, Depression of Spirits and functional derangements of the nervous system generally, Pains in the



Back or Side, Loss of Memory, Premature old age and diseases that lead to consumption, insanity & an early grave or both. No matter how shattered the system may be from excesses of any kind, a short course of this medicine will restore the lost functions and procure health and happiness where before was despondency and gloom. The Specific Medicine is being used with wonderful success.

Pamphlets sent free to all. Write for them and get full particulars.

Price, Specific $1 per package, or six packages for $5.00. Will be sent by mail on receipt of money. Address all orders, J. B. SIMPSON'S MEDICINE CO. No. 104 and 106 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

For sale by J. H. KINPORTS, Bloomsburg, Pa. feb 21'82-1y

PURE INDIA TEAS

From the Districts of ASSAM, CHITTAGONG, CACHAR KANORA VALLEY, DARJEELING DOOARS, DOOR and others. Absolutely Pure. No equal in flavor. The Most Economical. Requires only half the usual quantity. Sold by all grocers. JOHN C. PHILLIPS & CO., Agents of the Calcutta Tea Syndicate, 159 Water-st. N. Y. Jan. 12-1 w

J. J. BROWER,

CARPETS

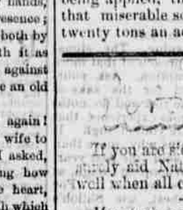
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

SPEER'S

PORT GRAPE WINE.

Used in the Sacramental Ceremonies for Communion purposes.

Excellent for Ladies and Weakly Persons and the Aged.



EXCELLENT FOR FEMALES AND WEAKLY PERSONS.

Speer's Port Grape Wine!

FOUR YEARS OLD.

THIS CELEBRATED NATIVE WINE is made from the juice of the Oporto Grape, raised in this country. Its invaluable

Tonic and Strengthening Properties

are unsurpassed by any other Native Wine. Being the pure juice of the Grape, prepared under Mr. Speer's own personal supervision, its purity and genuineness are guaranteed. The youngest child may partake of its generous qualities, and the weakest invalid use it to advantage. It is particularly beneficial to the aged and debilitated, and suited to the various ailments that affect the weaker sex. It is in every respect a WINE TO BE RELIED ON.

SPEER'S

P. J. Sherry.

The P. J. SHERRY is a wine of Superior Character, and partakes of the rich qualities of the grape from which it is made. For Purity, Richness, Flavor and Medicinal Properties, it will be found unexcelled.

SPEER'S

P. J. Brandy.

This BRANDY stands unrivalled in this country being far superior for medicinal purposes.

IT IS PURE distilled from the grape, and contains valuable medicinal properties.

It has a delicate flavor, similar to that of the grapes, from which it is distilled, and it is a great favor among Rectifiers and families.

See that the signature of ALFRED SPEER, Passaic N. J. is over the cork of each bottle.

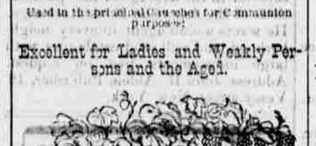
SOLD BY C. A. KLEIM.

AND BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Sept. 22, '82, 1-y.

PAYNE'S 10 Horse Spark-Arresting

Portable Engine has cut 10,000 ft. of Michigan Pine Boards in 10 hours, leaving slabs from the saw 14 feet lengths.



Our 10 Horse is Guaranteed to furnish power to saw 8,000 to 10,000 feet Boards in 10 hours. Our 6 Horse is guaranteed to saw 5,000 feet in the same time.

Our Engines are GUARANTEED TO BE AS REPRESENTED or no sale. Send for Circulars and Price List. Mention this paper. If you want a Stationary or Portable Engine, Boiler, Circular Saw Mill, Shingle or Pulley, Planer or Gang Machine, Patent Swinging Saw Frame, Edger, Set Works, Friction Feed, Iron Pulley, or anything in the Saw Mill line, send for our illustrated catalogue. No. 12.

P. W. PAYNE & SONS,
Corning, N. Y. Box 1227.
Jan. 5, '83-1y.

M. C. SLOAN & BRO.,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Manufacturers of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, SLEIGHS, PLATFORM WAGONS, &C.

First-class work always on hand.

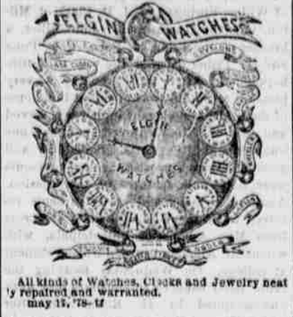
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

Prices reduced to suit the times.

C. E. SAVAGE,

DEALER IN

Silverware, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks.



All kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry neatly repaired and warranted. may 15, '78-tf

PAINTING

AND

PAPER HANGING.

WM. F. BODINE.

IRON ST., BELOW SECOND, BLOOMSBURG, PA. is prepared to do all kinds of

HOUSE PAINTING

Plain and Ornamental

PAPER HANGING,

BOTH DECORATIVE AND PLAIN.

All kinds of Furniture Repaired and made as good as new.

NONE BUT FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN EMPLOYED.

Estimates Made on all Work.

WM. F. BODINE.

PLUMBING,

GAS FITTING,

STOVES AND TINWARE.

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E. B. BROWER

Has purchased the Stock and Business of I. Hagenbuch, and is now prepared to do all kinds of work in his line. Plumbing and Gas Fitting a specialty. Tinware, Stoves,

RANGES AND HEATERS,

in a great variety. All work done by

EXPERIENCED HANDS.

Main Street corner of East.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

BLANK BOOKS

BLANK BOOKS!

Of every description Ruled and bound to order; also binder of all Periodicals such as Harper's, Century, St. Nicholas, Petersom's, &c. In fact all Publications bound in latest and most substantial styles.

Correspondence Solicited.

J. W. RAEDER,

110 & 112 W. MARKET STREET,

WILKES-BARRE, Pa.

J. SALTZER'S

General Sewing Machine Depot,

Fifth Store Below Market St.,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Celebrated White Sewing Machine,

New Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine,

New Home Sewing Machine,

Household Sewing Machine,

Estey Sewing Machine,

Genuine Singer Sewing Machine,

Singer Pattern Sewing Machine,

Attachments, best Sewing Machine Oil, and Needles for all sewing machines. Sewing Machines sold on monthly payments. Liberal discount made for cash. Every machine purchased from me is warranted to be first-class in every respect for five years free of charge, and thorough instructions given to the best lady operator in this part of the State free of charge. Examine my stock of machines before purchasing.

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

PHILADELPHIA.

TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES.

RICE, SPICES, RICKARD SODA, &c., &c.

N. E. Corner Second and Arch streets.

Orders will receive prompt attention.

IRELAND of TO-DAY $75 to $125 per Month.

New Edition Now Ready.

Gives Expression and Views of the Agents Wanted. J. C. McCURDY & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. June 30-1y and

LEGAL BLANKS,

ALWAYS ON HAND

AT THIS OFFICE.

ESTEY

Every buyer should Select an Organ That guarantees good Every day work and Years of service.

Every Estey Organ Sold is made Throughout with Equal fidelity, and Yields unrivaled tones.

ORGAN

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

J. ESTEY & CO., Brattleboro, Vt.

CELEBRATED WEBER PIANOS.

HARDMAN PIANOS,

And other first class Pianos, and a large lot of

Five cent Sheet Music,

—MUSIC BOOKS,—

VIOLINS, ACCORDEONS,

BANJOS,

MUSICAL ORGUINETTE,

VIOLIN STRINGS,

And everything in the Music line.

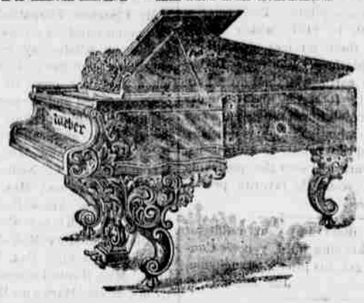
J. SALTZER,

MUSIC ROOM,

FIFTH STORE BELOW MARKET STREET,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

WEBER--HARDMAN



PIANOS,

FINE INLAID FRENCH WALNUT CASE ORGAN, 9 STOPS, $90 CASH.

Easy Terms. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

BACON'S PIANO WARE ROOMS,

MUSIC HALL BLOCK, WILKES-BARRE, PA

June1

1883.

Harper's Bazar.

ILLUSTRATED.

This popular journal is a rare combination of literature and fashion. Its stories, poems and essays are by the best writers of Europe and America; its engravings possess the highest artistic excellence; and in all matters pertaining to fashion it is universally acknowledged to be the leading authority in the land. The new volume will contain many brilliant novelties.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR:

HARPER'S BAZAR	$4 00
PAR HER'S MAGAZINE	4 00
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HARPER'S MAGAZINE }	5 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE }	
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The Volumes of the BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is mentioned, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the number next after the receipt of his order.

The last Four Annual Volumes of HARPER'S BAZAR, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $1.00 each.

Cloth cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00 each.

Remittance should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS. Address, HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Jan. 12, '83.

BLOOMSBURG PLANING MILL

—:o:—

The undersigned having put his Planing Mill on Railroad street, in first-class condition, is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line.

FRAMES, SASH, DOORS,

BLINDS, MOULDINGS,

FLOORING, Etc.

furnished at reasonable prices. All lumber used is well seasoned and none but skilled workmen are employed.

ESTIMATES FOR BUILDINGS

furnished on application. Plans and specifications prepared by an experienced draughtsman.

CHARLES KRUG,

Bloomsburg, Pa.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co Augusta, Maine. march 21-1y

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP.

d Jan. 12-4w.

CUT THIS OUT!

AGENTS MAKE $15 TO $40 PER WEEK.

We have stores in 15 leading Cities, from which our agents obtain their supplies quickly. Our Patrons are Principal Citizens are all Rich. Pa. Send for our New Catalogue and full particulars. Address

R. H. LOVELL 112 Lackawanna Ave SCRANTON, PA.

March 1-1y

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character, great variety, low in price, selling fast; needed everywhere. Liberal terms. Bradley, Garretson & Co., 66 N. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa. June 30-1y and

Books & Bibles

SUBSCRIBE NOW FOR

THE COLUMBIAN

$1.50 A YEAR

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. PHILADELPHIA & ERIE R. R. DIVISION AND NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

In effect January 16th, 1883. Trains leave Sunbury.

EASTWARD,

9.35 a. m.—Lock Haven Express for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, Lancaster, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington, arriving at Philadelphia 3.30 p. m.; New York, 6.30 p. m.; Baltimore, 6.05 p. m.; Washington 6.45 p. m.

1.55 p. m.—Day express for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, Lancaster, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington, arriving at Philadelphia 7.20 p. m.; New York, 10.25 p. m.; Baltimore, 7.15 p. m.; Washington, 8.40 p. m., Pullman Parlor car through to Philadelphia and passenger coaches through to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

8.00 p. m.—Williamsport Accommodation for Harrisburg and all intermediate stations. Lancaster, Philadelphia and New York, arriving at Philadelphia 2.55 a. m.; New York 6.20 a. m. Sleeping car accommodations can be secured at Harrisburg for Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7 a. m.

1.05 a. m.—Erie Mail for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, Lancaster, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington, arriving at Philadelphia 7.55 a. m.; New York, 11.20 a. m.; Baltimore 7.40 a. m.; Washington, 9.10 a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD,

6.25 a. m.—Erie Mail for Erie and all intermediate stations with through Pullman Palace car and through passenger coaches to Erie.

For Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with Pullman Palace car and passenger coaches through to Rochester.

1.20 p. m.—Niagara Express for Kane and intermediate stations with through passenger coaches to Kane. For Canandaigua and principal intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls with through parlor car to Watkins and through passenger coaches to Rochester.

5.25 p. m., Fast line for Lock Haven and intermediate stations, and Elmira, Watkins and intermediate stations, with through passenger coaches to Lock Haven and Watkins.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Niagara Express leaves New York, 5.15 a. m.; Philadelphia, 8.10 a. m.; Baltimore 7.30 a. m., arriving at Sunbury, 1.30 p. m., with through Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Fast Line leaves New York 8.00 a. m.; Philadelphia, 11.05 a. m.; Washington, 9.50 a. m.; Baltimore, 10.45 a. m., arriving at Sunbury, 5.20 p. m., with through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Erie Mail leaves New York 8.00 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11.20 p. m.; Washington, 9.50 p. m.; Baltimore, 11.15 p. m., arriving at Sunbury, 6.20 a. m., with through Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia.

SUNBURY, HAZLETON & WILKES-BARRE RAILROAD AND NORTH & WEST BRANCH RAILWAY.

Mail East leaves Sunbury 6.45 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 7.41 a. m. Wilkes-barre 9.20 a. m.

Express East leaves Sunbury 5.35 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 6.31 p. m., Wilkes-barre 8.10 p. m.

Mail West leaves Wilkes-barre 10.50 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 12.06 p. m., Sunbury 1.05 p. m.

Express West leaves Wilkes-barre 5.00 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 7.07 p. m., Sunbury 8.00 p. m.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Passenger Agent.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

June 26, 1882.

TRAINS LEAVE RUPERT AS FOLLOWS (SUNDAY EXCEPTED).

For New York, Philadelphia, Reading, Pottsville Tamaqua, &c., 11,45 a. m.

For Catawissa, 11,45 a. m. 4 56 and 7,20 p. m.

For Williamsport, 6,15 8,50 a. m. and 4,06 p. m.

TRAINS FOR RUPERT LEAVE AS FOLLOWS, (SUNDAY EXCEPTED.)

Leave New York, via. Tamanend 9,00 a. m. and via. Bound Brook Route 7,45 a. m.

Leave Philadelphia, 9,45 a. m.

Leave Reading, 11,55 a. m., Pottsville, 12,35 p. m. and Tamaqua, 1,35 p. m.

Leave Catawissa, 6,10 8,40 a. m. and 4,00 p. m.

Leave Williamsport, 9,45 a. m., 3,00 p. m. and 4,30 p. m.

Passengers to and from New York, via. Tamanend and to and from Philadelphia go through without change of cars.

J. E. WOOTTEN, General Manager.

C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent. Jan. 10, 1881—tf.

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD.

BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

NORTH. p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	STATIONS.	SOUTH a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
9 15	2 45	9 45	.....Scranton.....	9 30	2 10	6 17
9 09			.....Bellevue.....			6 02
9 03		9 37	.....Taylorville..	9 45	2 26	6 27
8 58		9 30	.....Lackawanna..	9 52	2 32	6 34
8 48		9 21	.....Pittston.....	10 04	2 44	6 41
8 42		9 13	.....West Pittston	10 08	2 49	6 46
8 37	1	9 14	.....Wyoming.....	10 08	44	6 51
			.....Mairby.....			6 55
			.....Bennett.....			7 08
8 25	0 9	9 04	.....Kingston.....	10 18	54	7 09
8 25	1 50	9 04	.....Kingston.....	10 18	2 54	7 10
	1 42		.....Plymouth June			7 17
8 16	1 35	8 55	.....Plymouth.....	10 26	3 02	7 25
	1 25		.....Avondale.....		3 06	7 30
8 07	1 18	8 47	.....Nanticoke..	10 34	3 10	7 37
8 00	1 03	8 39	Hunlock's Creek	10 42	3 18	8 00
7 46	12 48	8 25	.....Shickshinny	10 55	3 33	8 15
7 33	12 25	8 17	.....Rick's Ferry	11 07	3 45	8 30
7 26	12 15	8 12	.....Beach Haven	11 13	3 51	8 36
7 20	12 00	8 06	.....Berwick.....	11 20	3 57	8 42
7 13	11 47		.....Briar Creek..			8 49
7 09	11 40	7 56	.....Willow Grove.		4 07	8 56
7 05	11 32	7 52	.....Lime Ridge..		4 12	9 00
6 57	11 10	7 44	.....Espy.....	11 59	4 20